

GOODRICH MUDD TAKES A TUMBLE.



"There comes Miss Nicely; I must try to make a favorable impression."



"because she's rich and I'll—"



"A Meeting Well Timed."

He: "Do you think your papa would receive me civilly if I were to go to him and ask for you?"
She: "Let's see. I believe you hold a mortgage on papa's business, don't you?"
He: "Yes, and it's about to mature."
She: "You will be perfectly safe in approaching him at any time or place that may suit your own convenience."—Pittsburg Press.

CAUSE OF THOSE TEARS.



Little Willie: "Come now, Johnny, don't cry any more. What's yer cryin' for?"
Little Johnny: "Why—a-bon-hoo—we had puddin' for dinner, and I got chock full before I got enough."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Careful.

"Are you a registered pharmacist?" asked the stranger, walking into the drug store.
"Yes, sir," answered the druggist, indicating his certificate, which was neatly framed and hung in plain sight.
"And you are a graduate in pharmacy?" went on the stranger.
"There is my diploma."
The stranger inspected the diploma which hung alongside the certificate.
"You have a soda fountain, I see. Do you use pure fruit syrups and the best form of carbonated water?"
"We do, sir. Here are the formulas and recipes, also affidavits from the people who compound these goods for me."
"And you handle none but the purest drugs and chemicals?"
"Yes, sir. Was there something you wished for?"

"Just a moment. I want to be sure I will get what I ask for. So often one makes a purchase in what seems to be a reliable place, and finds out later that he has been deceived. All that pertains over there is absolutely reliable goods, is it?"
"Yes, indeed. Can I fix you up a few ounces, or would—"
"No, thank you. I merely wanted to assure myself that this is a trustworthy place before I make my purchase."
"We guarantee everything absolutely."
"Well, I want a 2-cent stamp. I got one yesterday at the druggist's in the next block and it wouldn't stick to the envelope at all. I told my wife it was a shame and a disgrace the way some of our druggists are imposing on their customers, and—"
But the druggist had mistaken the stamp, affixed it to the man's letter, and was hurrying down the street to mail it for him.—Chicago Tribune.

Interesting, but Inexact.

"Have you any summer action?"
"What do you call summer action?" asked the pert young man at the railway news stand.
"Why—something that is interesting without being particular about actual facts, you know."
"Go over to the bureau of information and get a branch road time table."—Washington Star.

The Other Boy Was.

"You have been in another fight, Tommy," said a West Side mother to her 7-year-old boy.
"None, I wasn't, either," was the dogged reply.

"Why, Tommy, I can tell by your appearance that you have been fighting. Your face is all scratched up. You mustn't tell me that."
"I ain't tellin' no story. I said I wasn't in it, and I wasn't."—Pittsburg Press.

HIS VIEW OF IT.



"Tucky," said the fond wife, "I am going to have a drop-stitch waist sent out today for your approval."

"Good," responded the brutal husband. "Most of them come in for my approval."

DIPLOMACY.



Joe: "I love that girl—straight I do."
Bill: "Then why don't yer tell 'er so?"
Joe: "Well, yer see, the heavy weight champion of Mille End, 'e loves 'er too!"

GET OUT OF IT EASY.



Mrs. Justwood: "Paul, dear, all last night you were crying in your sleep. Give me a highball, give me a highball!"
Mr. Justwood: "Gee! I was dreaming I was—er—playing baseball!"

Appreciation.

"I am afraid you are one of those people who look down on toll."
"Not at all," answered the luxurious youth. "My great-grandfather worked hard and invested his money, and we are quite pleased with him for doing so."—Washington Star.

Sweet Rest.

Mrs. Eastonsall: "I feel tired to death this morning. I've been out till midnight the last four nights running."
Mr. Eastonsall: "So do I. I have had company for two weeks now, and I'm all worn out. Let's go shopping."—Somerville Journal.

Cheaper at Any Price.

"I see by the papers," said the Chicagoan, "that a single ticket from Chicago to New York costs almost as much as a ten-day excursion ticket."
"Why not?" replied the New Yorker. "You don't have to go back to Chicago with a single ticket."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Water.

Hicks: "He hasn't been in Wall street long, but he seems to be quite at home there."
Wicks: "Yes, he takes to stock-jobbing like a duck."
Hicks: "You mean like a duck to water?"
Wicks: "Yes, but why be tautological?"

Over His Soup.

They overheard his ways and style were bad, the waiters say. In fact, they overheard him while consuming consommé.

Economy.

Mr. Marryat: "What are you doing with that piece of paper? Here, I'll give you a match."
Mrs. Marryat: "I can make a light with this. Why should I waste a match?"
Mr. Marryat: "What are you making a light for, anyway?"
Mrs. Marryat: "I want to look at that lovely \$5 bonnet I bought to-day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Moderator.

"Why," said the teacher, "did Nebuchadnezzar eat grass?"
And after a silence the small boy from Chicago made answer: "Maybe there was a beef strike in Babylon."—Washington Star.

A Phrase Explained.

"Father," said the small boy, "what do they mean when they say that people operate on margin in the stock market?"
"My son," was the answer, "it generally means that they are being kept on the ragged edge."

"Do trouble 'bout superstition," said Uncle Eben. "Is dat it keeps a man dependent on good luck dat nebbber happens or else skayt of hard luck dat fails to show up."—Washington Star.

POOR CHOLLY!



Cholly: "Since I met you I have but one thought."
Miss Flip: "That's more than I gave you credit for."

DENYING THE CHARGE.



Teacher: "Now, who carried off the gates of Gaza?"
The boys in chorus: "We didn't, us, ma'am. We never saw de gates."

The Candidate's Declaration.

"I trust you'll aid my quest. You drop a ballot in the slot And I will do the rest."
—Washington Star.

TIME HASN'T CARED HIM.



Starbuck: "I have pretty good staying power. When I pulled in the Yale crew I was the only man who was fresh at the finish."
Miss C. Vere: "Dear me! And your staying power is just as good, and you're just as fresh now as you were then, aren't you?"

Her Sharp Answer.

"You don't care for a big house and lots of servants, do you?" she asked.

A Family Affair.

Young Mother: "What in the world makes the baby cry so?"
Young Father: "I guess he heard me say I managed to get a little sleep last night."

Not Always.

Joan: "Oh, well, I suppose we must take things as they come."
Smith: "Well, I should advise you not to let the 'things' happen in the scarlet fever, smallpox, typhoid or brickbats."

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